

Tim. Be it not in thy care:
Go I charge thee, inuite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and Ile provide, *Exeunt*

Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1. Sen. My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't;
The faults Bloody:
'Tis necessary he should dye:
Nothing imboldens sinne so much, as Mercy.
2. Most true; the Law shall bruiſe 'em.
Alc. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.
1. Now Captaine.

Alc. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pittie is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants vse it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lye heauie
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stept into the Law: which is past depth
To those that (without heede) do plunge into't.
He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he foyle the fact with Cowardice,
(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his Foe:
And with such sober and vnnoted passion
He did behouue his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prou'd an Argument.

1. Sen. You vndergo too strict a Paradox,
Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire:
Your words haue tooke such paines, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling
Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede
Is Valour misbegot, and came into the world,
When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.
Hee's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breath,
And make his Wrongs, his Out-side,
To weare them like his Rayment, carelessly,
And ne're preferre his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,
What Foily 'tis, to hazard life for ill.

Alc. My Lord.
1. Sen. You cannot make grosse sinnes looke cleare,
To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.

Alc. My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,
If I speake like a Captaine.
Why do fond men expose themselves to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
Without repugancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Assie, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser then the Iudge?
If Wisedome be in suffering, Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pittifully Good,
Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sinnes extreamest Guilt,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most iust.
To be in Anger, is impietie:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
Weigh but the Crime with this.

2. Sen. You breath in vaine.
Alc. In vaine?
His seruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1. What's that?
Alc. Why say my Lords? ha's done faire seruice,
And slaine in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he beare himselfe
In the last Conflit, and made plenteous wounds?
2. He has made too much plenty with him:
He's a sworne Rioter, he has a sinne
That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To ouercome him. In that Beastly furie,
He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
And cherriſh Factions. 'Tis infer'd to vs,
His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

1. He dyes.
Alc. Hard face: he might haue dyed in warre.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arme might purchase his owne time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,
Take my deserts to his, and loyne 'em both.
And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,
Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you
Vpon his good returns.

If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Warre receiue't in valiant gore,
For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more.

1. We are for Law, he dyes, vrges it no more
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that spilles another.

Alc. Must it be so? It must not bee:
My Lords, I do beseech you know mee.

2. How?
Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3. What?
Alc. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I should proue so base,
To sue and be deny'd such common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for euer.

Alc. Banish me?
Banish your dotage, banish vsurie,
That makes the Senate vgly.

1. If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our waighier Iudgement.
And not to swell our Spirit,
He shall be executed presently. *Exeunt.*

Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
That you may liue

Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I'm worse then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes
While they haue told their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large interest. I my selfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?
Is this the Balsome, that the vsuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banish'd,
It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere vp
My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts:
'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at odds,
Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods. *Exit.*

Enter diuers Friends at severall doores.

1. The good time of day to you, sir.
2. I also wish it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord
did but try vs this other day.

1. Vpon that were my thoughts trying when wee en-
countred. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it
seeme in the triall of his feuerall Friends.

2. It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Fea-
ring.

1. I should thinke so. He hath sent mee an earnest in-
uiting, which many my neere occasions did vrges mee to
put off: but he hath coniu'd mee beyond them, and I
must needs appeare.

2. In like manner was I in debt to my importunat but-
finesse, but he would not heare my excuse. I am sorrie,
when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Prouision was
out.

1. I am sicke of that greefe too, as I vnderstand how all
things go.

2. Every man heares so: what would hee haue borro-
wed of you?

1. A thousand Peeces.
2. A thousand Peeces?

1. What of you?
2. He sent to me sir — Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how
fare you?

1. Euer at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2. The Swallow followes not Summer more willing,
then we your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaues Winter, such Sum-
mer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not re-
compence this long stay: Feast your eares with the Mu-
sicke awhile: If they will fare so harshly o'th Trumpets
sound: we shall too't presently.

1. I hope it remains not vnkindely with your Lord-
ship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.

Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you.

2. My Noble Lord.
Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheere?

1. The Banket brought in.

2. My most Honorable Lord, I am e'ne sick of shame,
that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was
so vnfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Thinke not on't, sir.

2. If you had sent but two houres before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.
Come bring in all together.

2. All couer'd Dishes.

1. Royall Cheere, I warrant you.

2. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yeild it

1. How do you? What's the newes?

2. Alcibiades is banish'd: heare you of it?

Bob. Alcibiades banish'd?

3. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1. How? How?

2. I pray you vpon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

3. Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward

2. This is the old man still.

3. Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

2. It do's: but time will, and so.

3. I do conceyue.

Tim. Each man to his
would to the lip of his Mith-
places alike. Make not a
coole, ere we can agree vpon
The Gods require our Th

Tim. great Benefactors, for
fulnesse. For your owne guil-
referue still to gine, least your
man enough, that one neede
Godheads to borrow of men,
the Meate be beloned, more
no Assembly of Twenty, be w
fit twelue Women at the Tab
are. The rest of your Fees, C
together with the common leg
them, you Gods, make sutea
present Friends, as they are to
them, and to nothing are they
Vncover Dogges, and lap

Some speake. What do's
Some other. I know not

Timon. May you a bee
You knot of Mouth-Frien-
Is your perfection. This i
Who sticke and spangled
Washes it off and sprink
Your recking villany. Li
Most smiling, smooth, de
Curteous Destroyers, affa
You Fooles of Fortune, T
Cap and knee-Slaues, vap
Of Man and Beast, the inf
Crust you quite o're. Wi
Soft, take thy Physicke fin
Stay I will lend thee mon
What? All in Motion? No
Whereat a Villaine's not
Burne house, sinke Athen
Of Timon Man, and all Hu

Enter the Senat

1. How now, my Lord
2. Know you the qual
3. Push, did you see my
4. I haue lost my Gow
1. He's but a mad Lor
him. Hegau me a Jewe
beare it out of my hat.
Did you see my Jewell?
2. Did you see my Cap
3. Heere 'tis.
4. Heere lyes my Gow
1. Let's make no stay.
2. Lord Timons mad.
3. I feel't vpon my bo
4. One day he giues vs

Tim. Let me looke b
That girdles in those Wo
And fence not Athens.
Obedience fayle in Child
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